

Forever Young.

The wild world hastens on its way;
The gray-haired century nears its close;
Its sorrow deepens day by day;
The summer blush forsakes the rose.
But, darling, while you're young and free,
And while your dark-brown eyes I see,
Sad months and sunless seasons dream,
Are all the same to me,
Despair can never reach me—
While your soft hand I hold;
While your eyes love and teach me
I never shall grow old!
They say that love forsakes the old,
That passion pales and fades away;
That even love's bright looks of gold,
Must lose their charm and change to gray.
But, darling, while your heart is mine,
And while I feel that you are true,
For me the skies will ever be blue,
With summer light and tenderest blue.
Yes, let old age deride me!
I scorn his mocking tongue.
Dear love, with you beside me,
I am forever young!

HULDY'S PUMPKIN PIES.

As Huldy Brown stood at the kitchen table, her white arms bare to the elbow, and her hands which in deftly what red, employed just in deftly molding a scalloped pie in dough-edging on the edge of one of her celebrated pumpkin pies, she looked about as unhappy a girl as you could easily find. I have said her "celebrated pies." Not only were they so, but they deserved to be; for was not Huldy the sole repository of the great recipe at the mention of which the good housewives of Binghampton glanced at each other in despair? Did it not come to her from her grandmother, old Mrs. Clemmer, Deacon Hezekiah Clemmer's wife. And was not whispered to Huldy as the two sat side by side, holding each other's hands, in the darkened kitchen? Huldy's position as the guardian of the great trust which these pies were to be. They were not "Huldy's," nor the "Clemmer's," nor even the "Binghampton's," for old Mrs. Clemmer had got the recipe from her grandmother, who was almost one of the Pilgrims; and this gave an almost religious flavor to the delight of eating them.
No portion of her work was done by Huldy with more care than the making of them. The oven had to be just right; the door must be open at just the proper time. I do not know what they were of beyond the fact that they were called "Huldy's," and that, and all things nice, "the old description of the little girls has it; but they were thick and sweet and brown on top, and the crust was light, and they were good.
In the days of which I write—1847—the ability to make such pies as Huldy made was quite sufficient to give any girl distinction among her fellows, and to go a long way towards giving her popularity; but Huldy had other and better claims to the position she undoubtedly held in the country village—of that one of the best loved girls there. She was pretty, affectionate and very kind to all; she would take any amount of trouble for those she loved, and her kindness never appealed to in vain, even when strangers were concerned. She was smart, too; there were few things in the list of accomplishments, or "duties," as they were called then in New England, that Huldy could not do and do well. She kept her father's house in such a state of clean neatness that it was almost a sin to mess things up, or come in on those well-scrubbed floors with dirty boots, although it must be confessed that to men folks this was just a trifle irritating. It is a well-known fact that men's minds are in such matters not well organized, and that they rarely take that undisputed pleasure they should in them. But even Huldy's father did sometimes feel that he would enjoy things better if she was not quite so particular, he thought it was erring in the right direction, and beyond a good-natured protest occasionally, said little. In short, Huldy Brown was one of those dear, good girls of whom our country has, and has had, fortunately not a few.
But, bless my soul, I have left her making that pie all this time, and what is worse, for the pie has been finished, I have left her looking unhappy. The truth of the matter was that Huldy had not been left all these years without attention on the part of the young fellows of the place, and one of them, a carpenter by the name of Sam Stevens, had been looked upon by her, if not with favor, at least not with the reverse. Things had been going on swimmingly enough, until the Wednesday before, when Huldy had gone to a quilting party with Jim Furness, a young farmer in the neighborhood, of whom Sam was mortally jealous. It was Sam's own fault partially, for he had not asked her, although she had waited to the last to give him a chance of doing so; and yet not wholly his fault, for he did not know he could go himself until an hour before the time to leave. Of course we had not explained this to her—that was not to be expected, I suppose. However, when he found he could go, he dressed himself and called at Huldy's house only to find that she had gone. Very much irritated, although most unreasonably so, Sam had at first resolved that he would not go at all, and then thinking worse of it instead of better, had asked Miss Mehitable Smith, who was glad to accept.
At the party he had been very devoted to his companion, and poor Huldy had got angry. Thinking to herself that two could play at that game, she had laughed and joked with Jim Furness until Sam was completely out-generated and was perfectly unable to conceal his chagrin and anger.
Somewhat scared at her own success Huldy had, later in the evening, made overtures for a reconciliation, but Sam had rejected them angrily, and she, conscious that he was quite as much to blame as herself, had tried no more. Be it observed, that a word of explanation would have cleared everything. Huldy did not know of the uncertainty about Sam's being able to come, and supposed he had chosen Mehitable in preference to herself.
Sam did know that Huldy had put Jim Furness off twice, waiting for his invitation, and had only accepted when she had given him up. Lacking the explanation, the two went home thoroughly unhappy. Sam leaving first and taking the unfortunate Mehitable with

him, while Huldy made herself anything but agreeable to Jim. Since that evening Sam had not been near her, and what made things worse was that the Sunday evening after the quilting had passed without his coming, and that, too, when Huldy had been morally certain that he would call as usual and make it all up. It was new Tuesday, and she was feeling very sad indeed.
Having finished her pies, four of them standing there in a row looking good enough to eat before they were cooked, Huldy put them into the oven, and, taking her sewing, sat down. As she worked she thought of Sam, and bitterly blamed herself for what she had done. She argued out in some way to the conclusion in her own mind that the fault was hers only, and she somehow admired Sam for getting angry. She had barely arrived at this, and had only just made up her mind that she ought to make the first overtures towards a reconciliation, when she heard a somewhat hesitating step outside on the porch; and then, after a moment's pause, a knock. Now, I do not know why, because a moment after, Huldy declared that she had no idea at all who her visitor was, but it was certain that her heart beat faster. She called out: "Come in," and the door opened. There, awkwardly, stood Sam looking decidedly sheepish, and wiping his feet with great zeal. Huldy gave but one glance at him, and her eyes grew brighter. Curiously though, too, she instantly abandoned her idea of making the first advances, and rather thought Sam was going to have a somewhat uneasy time of it.
"Oh! said Sam, "haowdy!"
"Howdy, Sam."
"Deacon 'tumn?" said Sam.
Cunning Sam, after watching the stout form of that good man pass your shop, and finding in that a reason for suspecting that sash unfinished on the bench.
"He's just stepped down 't Mrs. Baillie. Th' squire's sick," said Huldy, as innocently as though she did not know the road and what it led by.
"Du tell!" said Sam. "What ails him?"
"Influenza, I've heard. But come in, why don't you, and rest a spell?"
"I sorter called 't see your pa, but—" "Oh! Well; he'll be in 't morrow. P'raps you'd better come back," and Huldy turned indifferently away. Decidedly the idea of reconciliation was as though it had never been.
Sam found that there was but one thing to do, and that was to knuckle down at once. He leared his throat, and looking around, wiped his forehead with his red bandanna, and then said:
"If you'll—er—that air, of you don't mind, I guess I'll sorter wait noew."
"Just as you please," said Huldy, coolly; "you might as well come in and sit."
Sam came in, and taking a chair, sat down, placing his hat upon his lap. He then folded his hands upon his lap, and having done so, became suddenly conscious of the size of his feet; they seemed unusually large he thought. With some difficulty he contrived to partially hide them under his chair and, having done so, felt, for the moment, better. In the meantime, Huldy went bustling about the kitchen, glancing furtively at him now and then. Sam sat there, cleared his throat, and then missed his hat dreadfully; his hands had suddenly grown large and looked, oh, so red! He would have given worlds to have picked the hat up and covered them, but he did not dare. He was very hot; the perspiration was beginning to stand out on his face, and he wanted to wipe it. Unfortunately one, his handkerchief was in his hat. He coughed, and passed his hand over his mouth, hastily replacing it in his lap, though, as he caught Huldy's eyes upon him, He wished he had not come, and would have left could he but have thought of an excuse, when Huldy took pity on him and said:
"Sam, I wish you'd fetch me a pall o' water while you're waiting."
Sam started to his feet with a look of gratitude, but he had not time to do so, for his hat—mentally resolving he would not let go of it again—he took the bucket, and went toward the well, over which the high "sweep" pointed skywards. Huldy stood at the door looking after him with something of a malicious twinkle in her eye; or perhaps I should say a mischievous one, with a kindly under-look. When he came back she thanked him, and asked him to come in more cordially than before, much to the relief of Sam's spirit. But she did not think he had yet been punished quite enough, and so when she got him safely beside her and had taken up her sewing again, she began:
"You seemed 't enjoy yourself th' other night at th' quilting, Sam."
Sam started, almost dropped his hat, but clutched it in time.
"Er—yes—'twas considerable pleasant like," he said, getting red and lifting his shoulders as though it was raining about his ears.
"I took notice," went on the merciless Huldy, demurely biting off a thread and looking at him sideways out of her bright blue eyes, "as how you seemed 't think consider'ble o' Mehitable. She's a nice girl, Sam, and your mother likes her."
Sam thought he saw his opportunity. "Wa'l, I took notice as Jim Furness wasn't havin' a bad time neither."
Huldy did not even blush.
"Yes, indeed, Jim is so pleasant most every one likes him, and nate rally he has a nice time."
Sam concluded he had not made much that time, and gazed uneasily at the floor, trying to think of something to say which would combine an expression of deep and devoted love for Huldy and supreme contempt for the whole Furness family. He had in fact, composed such a speech the Sunday before, and had rehearsed it many time since, but somehow it did not seem to have the point now he had looked upon it as possessing at first. While he was trying to improve it Huldy went on innocently:
"You seemed 't leave mighty sudden. Was Mehitable curi's 't go home?"
"Wa'l," said the miserable Sam, "she an' me 'greeted as 'was stupid."
"You don't say I'm surprised at you. I be, indeed," said that wicked Huldy. Sam's beseeching glance would not

After the Lion.

In July, a few years ago, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle, some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajote, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenant Dalaman and Lang were stationed.
An elephant was dispatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morning, at the break of day, three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and clad with the hope of a speedy engagement.
On arriving at the edge of the jungle, the people were ordered to ascend the neighboring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions, in case they left the cover.
After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lions.
The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country.
The officers now pursued him on horseback, as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket.
Upon this, the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and, having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindmost seat.
They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectations of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them.
The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounding him just above the eye.
While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation.
This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion.
At last, he became somewhat more tractable; but, as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden, the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled force.
The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hind parts with his teeth, and hung on them, until the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.
The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Captain Woodhouse, in the meantime, firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail; as the jolting of the elephant, and the uproar of the moment, prevented him from taking a steady aim.
No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fiercest foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting.
Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and, after searching about for some time, he saw the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged his rifle at him, but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him, for he saw the lion retire, with the utmost composure into the thicker parts of the brake.
The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion on hearing the report of his gun.
The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction.
Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken.
Captain Woodhouse, however, remained the thicket, and, as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track at all hazards.
The Indian game-finder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark.
There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Dalaman, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun.
This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.
Lieutenant Dalaman, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him.
This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in most magnificent style." Captain Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation.
He was aware that if he retraced his steps, in order to place himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making.
He instantly resolved to stand still, in the hope that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong.
In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived, for the enraged lion

DOWNEAST COURTSHIP.

How Rachel Came to Marry Jacob—The Parrot's Speech.

Jacob loved Rachel, but Rachel wouldn't have him. Jacob labored on, pressing his suit at intervals, and after each rebuff telling her he was bound to win her yet, and convince every one she cared for him as much as he believed in his heart she did.
"Very well," cried the indignant Rachel, with a toss of her head "keep right on till you make folks believe that, and when you do I'll marry you!"
Jacob did persevere, but with small success, and at last began to lose courage. About this time another suitor of Rachel's arrived home from sea, bringing with him, among other exotics, a parrot of gorgeous hue which he presented to Rachel, who forthwith took a bird suspended from the sitting room window, whence she looked out afterwards when her work was done. For a day or two after his elevation to this dignity the parrot remained marvelously quiet, only casting an eye about as if taking in his new situation. On the third morning, however, no sooner did the neighbors begin to stir than he electrified each passer-by with the announcement: "Rachel's gone on Jacob; no chance for John!"
Of course, the more laughter this raised the more vociferously the bird proclaimed the news. It spread like wildfire, and the parrot's audience steadily increased. Rachel, meanwhile went into hysterics, but however much this incommoded the family it made no impression on the parrot, who, although threatened and beaten and relegated to darkness, waxed more and more furious with desire to spread his knowledge.
Jacob kept out of the way for awhile, but there was no lack of couriers to bring him information of the other fellow's discomfiture and the parrot's heroic defense of his cause. At last Rachel's father appeared, wearing on his weather-beaten face an odd mixture of frown and grin.
"Look a-here," he said, "between that darning bird's screech! an' folks a cackling! that gal's a'most out o' her head. There's nothin' for you to do but go over there and try to fix up things as well's ye can. I guess most likely she'll see ye—I do no, folks can't always tell."
The upshot was Rachel married Jacob, who sticks to it, that it was the penetrative wisdom of his rival's parrot that did the business, and denies to this day all knowledge of the way the parrot came by his speech.
How Gen. Packenham Died.
Leading a detachment of the Forty-fourth regiment to the support of the faltering column of Gen. Gibbs, Gen. Packenham's right arm was shattered by a ball, and his horse killed by another. Mounting the small creole pony of his aid, Capt. McDougall, he again pushed to the front of the wavering line—then within a hundred yards of the American batteries. "At this moment the standard-bearer of the Ninety-third, feeling something rubbing against his epaulette, turned, and perceived through the smoke the small black horse which Packenham now rode. It was led by his aid, as he seemed to have no use of his right arm. In his left hand he held his cap which he waved in the air, crying out: 'Hurrah brave Highlanders.' There was an awful crash and the ensign saw the lieutenant fall and his rider roll from the saddle into the arms of Capt. McDougall, who, strangely enough, had performed the same office for Gen. Ross, killed in the British advance on Baltimore. The second wound was from a grape-shot laying open the thigh, and before the now disabled man could be lifted from the ground, a third shot struck him in the groin, producing immediate paralysis. He was quickly carried to the rear, and laid under a live oak, where he died in a few moments without uttering a word. The remains of Packenham, after the removal of the viscera, were put in a cask of rum and taken to England, where they rest in St. Paul's Churchyard, London. A handsome monument is erected to his memory within the Cathedral. Gen. Gibbs was mortally wounded about the same time, and died in horrible agony next day; the command then devolving upon Maj. Gen. John Lambert, to whom the credit of a most skillful retreat in the face of a victorious foe, is mainly, if not exclusively, due—and for which he received the honors of knighthood. The American loss was 8 killed and 13 wounded, not including those who fell on the west bank—a small number. The British loss, out of a total force, on both sides of the river, of about 6,000 men, was, by official report, 291 killed, 1,255 wounded, 483 missing, in all, 1,929. A large proportion of the wounded died before the retreat.
In this connection I cannot omit an anecdote of Wellington, told to Gen. Quitman by the Earl of Ellesmere, who visited New York in 1853. The Earl knew Wellington intimately, and often visited him in his private room. He had a habit, whenever he received a document which gave him special pleasure, of crumpling it in his hand and waving it over his head. On a certain occasion the Earl surprised the Duke in one of these curious displays of satisfaction, and inquiring, he said to his amazement that the paper which so much delighted the conqueror of Napoleon was a simple note of introduction from Gen. Jackson, whom he profoundly admired.
Home Life.
It has been said that a single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One early gleam casts a gloom over the whole household; while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers, springing up along our dusty road, full of fresh fragrance and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumults of the world and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

Dreams and Illusions.

Wundt regards most of dream representations as really representations, since they emanate from sensorial impressions which, though weak, continue during sleep. An inconvenient position during sleep causes the representation of painful work, perilous ascent of a mountain, etc. A slight intercostal pain becomes the point of an enemy's dagger or the bite of an enraged dog. Difficulty in respiration is fearful agony caused by nightmare seeming to be a weight rolled upon the chest, or a horrible monster which threatens to strangle the sleeper. An involuntary extension of the foot is a fall from the dizzy height of a tower. Flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of respiration. Further, "those subjective visual and auditory sensations which are represented in the waking state as a luminous chaos of an obscure visual field, by humming and roaring in the ears, and especially subjective retinal sensations, have an essential role," according to Wundt. "There are shown to us innumerable birds, butterflies, fish, multicolored pearls, flowers, etc." But if there be some cutaneous irritation these visions are usually changed into caterpillars or beetles crawling over the skin of the sleeper.
The sleeper sometimes dreams of his appearing on the street or in society only half dressed; the innocent cause is found in some of the bedclothes having fallen off. An inconvenient position of the sleeper, a slight hindrance to respiration or interference with the action of the heart, may be the cause of dreams where one seeks an object without being able to find it, or has forgotten something in starting upon a journey. The movements of respiration may suggest to the sleeper, as previously mentioned, flying, but this flight may be objective, and instead of himself flying he sees an angel descending from the heavens or a luminous chaos where birds are swiftly moving.
The representations of dreams having sensorial origin may have mingled with them those which arise solely from the reproduction of past memories. Thus parents cut off in the flower of life ordinarily appear in dreams because of the profound impression which their death or burial has made, "hence the general opinion that the dead continue during the night their intercourse with the living."
Tincture of eucalyptus has been found by Dr. Sinclair Stevenson to have effected the recovery of a woman who was suffering from hereditary leprosy.
Pure butter at 15° has the same specific gravity as alcohol of 53.7 per cent. (926), and oleomargarine as alcohol of 59.2 per cent., or .915 specific gravity.

An Obedient Barglar.

Inspector Thorne of New York city related at police headquarters the following story: A lady living in a large brownstone house just off Fifth avenue was in her home one night last week with an invalid mother in her charge, and nobody but a woman servant to assist her. All the men had gone off to a ball. Just before 11 o'clock the sick woman became worse. The daughter was alarmed and went to ring the bell, intending to send the servant for a particular kind of medicine. The girl appeared just at this moment, and in a terrified voice, informed her mistress that there was a burglar in the basement.
"It is just what I want," said the mistress, "a man to send for medicine."
She went down to the basement and encountered a burly negro in a room in the basement.
"Come out!" she said in an imperative tone.
The negro who had been a slave, instinctively listened to the tone of authority and obeyed. He took the order for the prescription, had it filled, and returned with the medicine and change.
Two cases of mercurial poisoning from the use of fulminating caps in shooting galleries have been reported. Such resorts should be well ventilated.